

DCI-5
Side A, 3/4 - 7/8

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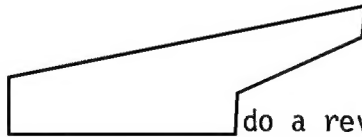
MEMORANDUM FOR:




FROM:

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1. Let's have  do a review of the Agency abuses in the past; how many were real; how many were supposed; and with that a breakdown to in/the generic categories.

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NEWSWEEK
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Sweet Warriors

Wilderness of Mirrors. By David C. Martin. 236 pages. Harper & Row. \$12.50.

The twin focuses of David C. Martin's compact yet mesmerizing history of the CIA are a study in contrasts. James Jesus Angleton is a cadaverous orchid fancier and sometime poet, a Yale graduate with the face of a Gahan Wilson character and the mind of a Medici intriguer. William King Harvey, a failed small-town lawyer from Indiana, was a pear-shaped, foul-mouthed ex-FBI man with a fascination for guns and a prodigious appetite for martinis. What they had in common was a conspiratorial turn of mind, a reflexive suspicion of appearances, an obsessive antipathy to Soviet Communism and an instinctive attraction to the murky world of espionage.

For nearly three decades, these two men toiled in the labyrinthine vineyards of the CIA—Angleton as the agency's chief counterspy, Harvey as its leading covert operative. In the end, both were destroyed—partly by events, mainly by themselves. In this, Martin maintains, the two were living paradigms of the organization they served. Like them, the CIA was inevitably seduced and devoured by bewildering intrigues and an inviolated logic of its own making; eventually, it became its own worst enemy, a scorpion striking at itself in what Angleton once described as a "wilderness of mirrors."

Paranoia: That evocative and mordantly apt phrase (borrowed from T. S. Eliot) is a fitting title for Martin's closely observed account of the CIA's 30 years' secret war against the KGB—and how its prudent fear of being penetrated by a Soviet "mole" ripened over time into a nearly paralyzing paranoia. Martin, a *Newsweek* Washington correspondent and longtime CIA watcher, tells the tale through the intertwined stories of Angleton and Harvey as a kind of Pilgrim's Progress in reverse. "No one waged [the] secret war with greater intensity, with colder rage, than James Jesus Angleton and William King Harvey," Martin writes. The two men were with the CIA from the very beginning; they rose as it rose and fell as it came into disrepute.

As rival counterintelligence officers in the early 1950s, Harvey had bested Angleton by blowing the whistle on Kim Philby, the brilliant double agent who served as British liaison to the FBI and CIA in Washington from 1949 to 1951. The coup

propelled Harvey to the front lines of the secret war—to Berlin, where he earned a reputation as "America's James Bond" by masterminding the construction of a tunnel into the eastern zone that allowed the Allies to tap Soviet phone lines. Angleton, meanwhile, stayed in Washington, where his chess master's intellect—and fervent desire never to let another Philby slip past him—made him a formidable chief of the CIA's counterintelligence operations.

Mafia Hit Men: Both men carried the seeds of their own destruction. Harvey's success in Berlin brought him to the attention of the White House—and when John and Robert Kennedy decided that Fidel Castro had to be overthrown, he was given the job. Though Harvey stopped at nothing—even to the extent of trying to enlist Mafia hit men in an ill-conceived assassination plot—it proved to be an impossible assignment. Unaccustomed to failure, Harvey let his drinking get out of control; eventually, he had to be eased out of the agency.

Angleton lasted longer. But his growing suspicion of everyone and everything eventually made him, too, more of a liability than an asset. He refused to take the Sino-Soviet split at face value, believing it to be a Communist diversion, and he discredited dozens of CIA agents and Soviet defectors by insisting they were KGB plants. So effectively did he undermine the internal trust that an intelligence agency needs in order to function that he himself wound up being accused of working for the Soviets. The last straw came when he told French authorities that the new CIA station chief in Paris, a man who had been exhaustively vetted, was not to be trusted. Angleton was fired in 1974.

The tragedies of Angleton and Harvey—and Martin presents their stories as such—were that neither man did anything more than his job. By the same token, Martin contends, the CIA never did anything it wasn't asked to do by successive administrations. The problem was that, like Angleton and Harvey, the agency "had been asked to do things nobody should have been asked to do, been given secret powers no one should have been given." As Martin's shrewd and illuminating portrait shows, there is a crazy logic to the bleak universe of espionage: self-destruction, it seems, comes with the territory.

ALLAN J. MAYER